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Malone. B. 149.

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THE
LITIGANTS:
A
COMEDY.

Translated from the *French* of
M. R A C I N E.

By Mr. O Z E L L.



L O N D O N:

Printed for Jonas Brown, at the *Black Swan*,
without *Temple-Bar*, 1715.

THE Author's Preface.



WHEN I read the *Wasps* of *Aristophanes*, I little thought I should make the *Litigants* of it. I own I was very much diverted with it, and found therein several Pleasantries, which tempted me to impart them to the Publick: But I thought to have done it by putting them into the Mouths of the *Italians*, for whom I had designed them, as a thing that was entirely their due. The Judge's leaping out of the Window, the Tryal of the Dog, and the Tears of his Family, seem'd to me so many Incidents worthy the Gravity of *Scaramouche*. The departure of that Comedian interrupted my Design, and made some of my Friends desirous to see how a Sample of *Aristophanes* would do upon our Stage. I did not comply with the first Proposal they made to me about it. I told them that however witty I might think this Author, my Inclination would not lead me to take him for a Model in writing a Comedy, and that I should rather chuse to imitate the Regularity of *Menander* and *Terence*, than the Licentiousness of *Plautus* and *Aristophanes*. They replied, that it was not a Comedy they desir'd of me, and

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Dandin, *a Judge.*

Leander, *his Son.*

Chicanneau, *a Citizen.*

John, *Porter to the Judge.*

Lintimy, *Clerk to the Judge.*

The Prompter.

W O M E N.

Isabella, *Chicanneau's Daughter.*

The Countess.

SCENE *lies in a City of lower
Normandy.*

THE



THE LITIGANTS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter John, howling along a great Bag, full of Papers.



WITH, he that trusts to Futurity is an Ass for his Pains, and he that laughs on *Friday*. shall weep on *Sunday*. Last Year a Judge sent for me from *Amiens*, to make me his Porter: The *Normans* thought they had a Fool in Me to deal with; but, as the Saying is, People learn to howl among Wolves. I knew on which side my Bread was butter'd, and cou'd crack a Whip as well as the best of them, as much a *Picard* as I was. The biggest Dons spoke to me Cap in Hand, *Sweet Mr. John!* They did not find me so; for, considering with my self that without Mony Honour is but a Shadow, I e'en turn'd a downright Play-house Porter; they might knock their Hearts out, and bow as much as they pleas'd;

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Dand. Upon the Bench.

Lean. No, Father, you had better stay at Home, and eat your Meals, and Sleep regularly. Be perswaded. For your Health's sake——

Dand. What if I've a mind to be Sick?

Lean. You are but too much so already: Take a little Rest. You are nothing but Skin and Bone.

Dand. Rest! what! you'd have me like your self, would you? Do you think a Judge has nothing else to do but to take his Pleasure, and run about to Balls and Gaming-Houses? We don't get our Mony so easily as People think we do. Every one of your Ribbands costs me a Sentence. You're asham'd of my Gown! The Son of a Judge! pitiful! you set up for a Gentleman. Go into my Chamber, Friend, view the Pictures of the *Dandins*; they all of them wore the Gown, and in short that's the best Profession. Compare the Presents of a Judge to those of a Marquis, especially those we receive on New-years-day. Good now, what's a Gentleman! a Pillar of an Antichamber! How many of the toppingst of them have you seen standing in my Court-yard blowing their Fingers, their Noses wrapt up in their Cloaks, or else coming to turn the Spit that they might warm themselves? Thus are they treated. Do you remember the Lessons of your dead Mother? Poor *Babonette*. Alas! I can hardly forbear weeping when I think of her. She never left me a Moment, but went with me to every Hearing; and she seldom came Home without bringing something along with her; rather than return empty handed she would have brought away the Purveyor's Napkins; By such ways many a good Family has been rais'd. Go, you'll never be better than a Fool.

Lean. Father, you'll catch Cold here. *John*, carry back your Master, put him in Bed, shut fast the Door, the Window, and barricade every thing, that he may be kept warm.

John. I hope you'll put some Iron-rods there, then, to keep him from falling into the Fire.

Dand. What! will you carry me to Bed without Form? Get an Order of Court in what manner I must Sleep.

Lean.

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Lean. Go to Bed then, Father, interlocutorily.

Dand. Well, I will go then; but I'll be reveng'd on you all, for I won't sleep.

Lean. You may do as you will for that. Don't leave him — Do you stay here, *Lintimy*.

[*Exeunt all but Leander and Lintimy.*]

Lean. I want to talk with you a Moment in private.

Lint. What! must you be watch'd too?

Lean. 'Twou'd not be without Cause if I were, for I have my Madness as well as my Father.

Lint. You want to go and hear Causes, do you?

Lean. Come, let's ha' done talking in Riddles. You know that House?

Lint. I understand you now. Why, you're an early Lover. I suppose you're going to talk about *Isabella*. I have often told you that tho' *Isabella* is handsome and discreet, yet you ought to consider Monsieur *Chicaneau* throws away the greatest part of her Fortune at Law. I don't know who is safe from him. I believe he'll bring all *France* to a Trial if he lives. He took a House hard by his Judge on Purpose. The one loves to be continually at the Bar, and the other to be always upon the Bench; 'tis a hundred to one if he lets you have his Daughter 'till he has had a Law-Suit with you, the Priest, and the Scrivener.

Lean. I know this to be his Character; but nevertheless, I die for *Isabella*.

Lint. Why don't you marry her then? You need only say the Word and the thing's concluded.

Lean. Not so soon as you imagine. The Father's a Savage that wou'd not so much as look upon me. Without I were either a Bayliff, a Serjeant, or an Attorney, there's no seeing his Daughter. Poor *Isabella* is made a perfect Prisoner; she sees her Youth pass away in Mourning, my Passion in Smoak, and her Fortune in Law-Suits: If we let him go on thus he'll ruin her: Don't you know of some honest Knight of the Post that wou'd serve a Friend (I don't mean for nothing) or some zealous Serjeant?

Lint.

Lint. Honest Knights of the Post, and zealous Serjeants, quotha!

Lean. Why don't you tell me?

Lint. Ah Sir! if my poor Father were alive I'd say something to you. He got more in one Day than another could in six Months. His Exploits were all engrav'd in Wrinkles upon his Forehead. He wou'd have stop't you the Coach of a Prince, and ha' taken him out on't himself; if there were but twenty Blows in all given in any Fray, my Father was sure to Pocket up nineteen of them. But what's to be done? Am not I the Son of one who was a Master in his Business? I'll serve you.

Lean. You?

Lint. Ay I: And better than a Serjeant might do perhaps.

Lean. You'll serve the Father with a false Writ, will you?

Lint. And what more?

Lean. Give the Daughter a Letter?

Lint. Why not? I am of both Trades.

Lean. I hear his Voice; let's go elsewhere and think upon this Design. [Exeunt.]

Enter Chicanneau.

Chic. to his Servant within.] Take Care of the House; I shall be back presently. Don't let any Body go up Stairs. Send that Letter to the Post-house of *Maine* *. Catch me three Rabbits out of my Warren, and send them to my Attorney. If his Clerk comes, carry him into my Cellar and let him taste my Wine — Oh — give him the Bag that hangs by my Window. Stay — is that all? Perhaps I may be enquired for by a tall lean Man, he that serves me for a Witness and swears for me now and then when I've Occasion; let him stay till I come

* The Author makes him bid his Servant carry the Letter to that Post particularly, because, as he himself afterwards informs us, Knights of the Post come from *Maine* in great Numbers.

come back——I'm afraid my Judge is gone out, 'tis almost Four. But let's Knock and see.

John. *half opening the Door.*] Who's there?

Chic. Can I speak to your Master?

John. No. [*Shutting the Door.*]

Chic. Might one speak a Word with his Clerk?

John. No.

Chic. With Monsieur his Porter?

John. That's me.

Chic. Pray, Sir, be pleas'd to drink my Health.

John. Thank you. Come again to Morrow.

Chic. Give me my Money again. The World grows worse and worse every Day: I have known the time when there was not half so much Trouble in Suits; six Crowns would then ha' won half a Dozen: But now-a-days I don't believe all I have would be enough to get me the Favour of a Porter——But here comes the Countess de Pimbefche. She comes about some urgent Business sure!

Enter the Countess.

Chic. Madam, there's no getting in.

Count. I thought indeed my Lacquies would make me stay 'till 'twas too late: They'll make me run mad I believe; say what I will to them I can never get them to rise betimes, and I my self am oblig'd to call up all my People.

Chic. I verily believe he bids his Servants deny him.

Count. For my part, I have not been able to get to the Speech of him these two or three Days.

Chic. My Adversary is very powerful, and there is nothing but what I may justly fear.

Count. After what has been done to me, nothing ought to be complain'd of.

Chic. However, I have the Law on my Side——

Count. Ah, Sir! What a Decree am I forc'd to submit to!

Chic. I'll be judg'd by you. Pray hear me.

Count. I'll tell you how I've been serv'd, Sir.

Chic. Tho' at the bottom, there's nothing in it.

Count. Hear me, Sir——

Chic. The Case is this. About fifteen or twenty Years ago, a certain Ass-Colt went through a Meadow of mine, roll'd about in it, and in short did a notable Damage: Upon this I drew up my Complaint to the Judge of the Village, and caus'd the Ass to be seized. An Inquisitor is nam'd: The Damage rated at two Bottles of Hay: At the Years end got a Verdict by which we are dismiss'd out of Court. I appeal. Whilst we are suing for a Judgment, pray Madam observe this, Our Friend *Drolicben*, a good cunning Fellow, for a piece of Mony gets a Decree upon my Appeal, and I carry the Cause. What does my litigious Adversary do upon this, but oppose the Execution. Another Accident. Whilst the Suit is in Prosecution, my Adversary lets his Poultry go into my Meadow. Order'd that it be reported to the Court what quantity of Grass one Hen can eat in a Day. At length, the whole being join'd to the Suit, and every thing standing as before, the Cause is referred, upon the fifth or sixth of April, One thousand six hundred and fifty six. I begin a-new. I produce Sayings, Objections, Inquests, Compulsatory Commissions, Reports of Inquisitors, Assignments, three Interlocutory Orders, new Facts and Grievances, verbal Processes. I obtain Letters Patents, and convict my Adversary of Falsity. Fourteen Orders, thirty Summons, six Demands, six and twenty Writs of Error, twenty Injunctions. At last comes a Decree. I am ~~cost with~~ Expenses, of four or five hundred Pounds Settling. Is this Justice? Is this Judgment? After fifteen or twenty Years! However, I have one Hole to creep out at still; I may yet bring in a Bill of Review. You too have a Suit depending, have you, Madam?

Count. Wou'd I were so happy!

Chic. I must leave it off.

Count. I—

Chic. Two Bottles of Hay four or five hundred Pounds!

Count. Sir, all my Suits were just at an end; I had but four or five more little ones depending; one against my Husband, another against my Father, and two or three against my Children; when, oh Misery! I don't know by what Methods, they obtain'd a Sentence, by which,

allowing me a Maintenance, I am prohibited from going to Law, Sir, as long as I live.

Chic. From going to Law!

Count. From going to Law.

Chic. That was a base Trick indeed! I am amaz'd at it!

Count. Sir, I'm at my Wit's end about it.

Chic. What! tie up the Hands of a Person of your Quality! But the Pension that's allow'd you, Madam, is it a good one?

Count. I might live very well upon it, Sir; but what Satisfaction can there be in Life without Law-Suits?

Chic. Spiteful People may eat us to the Bone, and we shan't say a Word to them! But, Madam, pray how long may you have been at Law?

Count. I don't well remember. But thirty Years at most.

Chic. That is not much.

Count. Alas!

Chic. And how old are you? You look hale and well.

Count. Some threescore Years old.

Chic. No more? That's the Prime for the Law.

Count. Let me alone; they shan't have their Ends: I'll sell my very Shift off of my Back first: I'm for all or nothing.

Chic. Look ye, Madam, I'll tell you what I'd have you do.

Count. Yes, Sir, I'd take your Advice, as soon as I would my own Father's.

Chic. I'd go to my Judge——

Count. Yes, yes, Sir, I'll go to him.

Chic. Throw myself at his Feet——

Count. Yes, I will; I'm resolv'd upon it.

Chic. But hear me.

Count. Yes, I see you take the Thing by the right Handle.

Chic. Have you done yet, Madam?

Count. Yes, Sir.

Chic. Well, then, I'd go to my Judge——

Count. Alas! what a kind Gentleman this is!

Chic. If you go on talking thus, I must hold my Tongue.

Count. How you oblige me! I am transported with Joy.

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Chic. I'd go to my Judge and tell him——

Count. Yes.

Chic. Do you see! —— I'd say, Sir ——

Count. Yes, Sir.

Chic. Tie me to——

Count. Sir, I won't be ty'd.

Chic. You mistake me.

Count. I say I won't be ty'd.

Chic. What a Humour you are of!

Count. No.

Chic. Madam, you don't know what I was going to say.

Count. I will go to Law, Sir.

Chic. But——

Count. But I won't be ty'd, Sir.

Chic. When once a Woman's Folly——

Count. Fool in your Teeth.

Chic. Madam!

Count. Why tie me!

Chic. Madam!

Count. D'ye see; he grows Familiar.

Chic. But Madam——

Count. A nasty pettifogging old Fellow pretend to give Advice!

Chic. Madam!

Count. He and his Ass!

Chic. You——

Count. Go, keep your Hay, honest Man.

Chic. You abuse me——

Count. A Blockhead!

Chic. Oh that I had but Witnesses!

Enter John.

John. What a Racket here is. For Shame go farther from the Door if you must be scolding.

Chic. Sir, be Witnesses——

Count. That he's a Blockhead.

Chic. You hear her, Sir; pray remember that Word.

John. Oh, you should not talk at that rate.

Count. Why shou'd he call me Fool? [To the Countess.]

John. Fool! you were in the wrong. You shou'd not call Names. [To Chicannau.

Chic. I only gave her my Advice.

John. Oh.

Count. Ay, to suffer my self to be ty'd.

John. Oh, Sir.

Chic. Why did not she hear me out?

John. Oh, Madam.

Count. What! suffer my self to be rail'd at.

Chic. A Termagant——

John. Silence.

Count. A Pettifogger.

John. Peace, there.

Chic. Who dares not go to Law any more!

Count. What's that to you, thou Knight of the Post, thou pragmatiscal Rascal!

Chic. That's enough: A Serjeant, a Serjeant!

Count. A Bayliff, a Bayliff!

John. Faith, I think they all want tying.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Leander, Lintimy.

Lint. **O**NCE more, Sir, I tell you, I can't do more than I can do; since I see the Bayliff do you act the Commissary: Do but put on a Gown and come soon after Me, and you may easily get an Opportunity of talking with her: Instead of your fair Peruke you may put on a black one; and those People will never know you belong to our House, for 'tis hardly ever light enough to distinguish Faces when they make their Court to your Father. As good Luck wou'd have it too, the Countess, so soon as ever she saw me in this Habit, charges me with an Action of Slander against Mr. *Chicannau*, saying that he would have her pass for a Fool, nay, for so great a one as to deserve to be ty'd, as also for other Injuries, together with Blasphemies, which are always put in to fill up a Process. But you say nothing to my Disguise? Do I look like a Serjeant?

Leam. Very like one.

Lint. I can't tell what can be the Reason of it. But since I have had the Habit on, my Back and my Conscience are ten times harder than they were a little while ago. But let that pass; here's the Action, and here's the Letter, which I dare promise to put into *Isabella's* Hands; but if you are willing to have this Contract sign'd, you must come presently. Pretend to examine into the Business, and you may then make Love before the Father's own Face.

Leam. But take Care of not delivering the Action instead of the Letter.

Lint. The Father shall have the Action, and the Daughter the Billet; so do you go Home.

[*Exit Leam. Lint. knocks at Chicanneau's Door.*

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Who's there?

Lint. A Friend. 'Tis *Isabella's* Voice.

Isab. What do you want, Sir?

Lint. Madam, here's a little Action, which I desire you'd let me have the Honour to notify to you.

Isab. Pray, Sir, excuse me; I do not understand these Things; my Father will be here presently, and then you may speak with him.

Lint. Is not he at Home then, Madam?

Isab. No.

Lint. The Action, Madam, is for you.

Isab. Sure, Sir, you mistake me for another: If no Body lov'd the Law better than I, your Profession might beg their Bread. Your Servant. [*Is going.*

Lint. But suffer me —

Isab. I'll suffer nothing.

Lint. 'Tis no Action.

Isab. Pshaw.

Lint. 'Tis a Letter.

Isab. That less than t'other.

Lint. But look else.

Isab. That Bite won't take.

Lint. 'Tis from Mr. —

Isab. Goodbye.

Lint. *Leander.*

Isab. Speak softly. From who?

Lint.

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Lint. One has enough to do I think to get the Hearing with you; I am quite out of Breath.

Ifab. Ah *Lintimy* forgive me. Where's the Letter?

Lint. You must shut the Door upon me, must you?

Ifab. Who do you think could know you in that Disguise? But give me the Letter,

Lint. Not open the Door to ——!

Ifab. Give it me, I say.

Lint. The Deuce——

Ifab. Well, keep your Letter then, since you won't give it me.

Lint. Here take it; but don't be so hasty another time.

Enter Chicannaeu,

Chic. to himself.] Blockhead! Knight of the Post! But I have employ'd a Serjeant to return her my Thanks for these Compliments, and I shall serve her a Dish of my own cooking up. I shou'd be very sorry if it were to do again, or if she shou'd summon me first. But what Man is that, talking to my Daughter? She's reading a Letter? 'Tis from some Spark I suppose. Let's approach.

Ifab. But is your Master really sincere? May I believe him?

Lint. He sleeps no more than your Father, he can take no Ease; [*Seeing Chic.*] he will make you know that you have to do with your Match, and that you'll get nothing by going to Law with him.

Ifab. There's my Father I see——You may tell them that if we are prosecuted, we know how to defend ourselves. There; see how I value your Action.

[Tears the Letter.

Chic. How! was it then an Action that my Daughter was reading? Ah, Child! thou wilt one Day come to be an Honour to thy Family: Thou wilt know how to defend thine own, I warrant thee. Let me embrace my true Daughter: Go, I'll buy thee the *French-Practitioner*: But what the Dickins! you shou'd never tear Actions.

Ifab. Tell them I don't fear them; let them do their worst; I defie them.

Chic. Don't put your self in a Passion, Child.

Ifab. So your Servant, Sir.

[Exit.

Lint. Come on, Sir: Let you and I have a little Discourse together.

Chic. Pray, Sir, excuse her : She is ignorant in these Matters; and besides, if you think well, I'll pick up the Pieces and join them together.

Lint. No.

Chic. I shall be able to read them well enough.

Lint. No, I've a Copy of it about me; I'm no ill-natur'd Person.

Chic. I can't tell what's the Matter, Sir; but the more I look on you, the less am I able to remember that I ever saw you before: And yet I know a great many Serjeants.

Lint. Inquire about me; I acquit my self tolerably well of my little Employment.

Chic. I don't doubt it. Whom come you from?

Lint. From a Lady, Sir, that has a very great Respect for you, and who is mighty desirous to have you attend my Summons, and give her Satisfaction.

Chic. Satisfaction? Why have I offended any Body?

Lint. No, Sir, by no means.

Chic. What's your Business then?

Lint. She wou'd fain have you do her the Honour, Sir, to confess before Witnesses, that she is Wise and not a Fool.

Chic. Zookers! this is from the Countess then?

Lint. She is your very humble Servant.

Chic. Oh I am hers.

Lint. You are a very obliging Gentleman.

Chic. Yes, you may assure her that I have already appointed a Serjeant to wait upon her. What! The Party offended must make Reparation! But let's see what's in this Summons. Humph—*The sixth of January, for having falsely said that it was necessary to tie, being thereto instigated by a Spirit of Controversie, the noble and powerful Lady, Yolande de Ludasne, Countess de Pimbefche, Orbesche, &c cetera, is summon'd instantly to repair to the House of the said Lady, and there, with an audible Voice, before four Witnesses and a Scrivener, Hey day! the said Jerome shall confess that he thinks her in her right Senses and sound Judgments---le Bon---*That's your Honour's Name then, is it?

Lint. Yes, Sir, at your Service--I must put on a Face of Assurance. [Aside.]

Chic. *Le Bon*! Never was *Action* sign'd *le Bon*---Mon-sieur *le Bon*.

Lint. Sir--

Chic.

Chic. You are a Knave, Monsieur le Bon.

Lint. Excuse me, Sir, I'm a very honest Man.

Chic. One of the greatest Knaves this Day in France, Monsieur le Bon.

Lint. Far be it from me, Sir, to contradict you. I know you'll pay me well.

Chic. I pay you? It shall be in Blows then.

Lint. You have so much Honour in you that I know you will.

Chic. Well, since I must, there's your Payment.

[Strikes him.]

Lint. A Blow. Let's set that down. Which said Jerome, after several other rebellious Actions, did hit, and strike me, Serjeant, on the Cheek, and with the said Blow made my Hat fall into the Dirt.

Chic. Add that to the rest.

[Kicks him.]

Lint. Right, this is as good to me as ready Mony, and I am out of that at present. [Writes] And not content with that, did, with his Foot, repeat it. Besides which the above-mentioned Jerome, had torne this verbal Procefs. So, Sir, this will do me no harm. Pray proceed.

Chic. Rascal.

Lint. A few Bastinadoes, Sir, and I am satisfied.

Chic. With all my Heart. I'll try whether you've the Back of a true Serjeant.

Lint. [preparing to write.] Make haste then and strike. I have four Children to maintain.

Chic. Zoons! what am I doing? Ah Sir, I beg your Pardon: Indeed I did not take you for a Serjeant before, but the wisest may be mistaken: I'll make you amends. I see you are a Serjeant, Sir, and a real Serjeant. Give me your Hand. I have a great Respect for your Profession; my Father always taught me to fear God, and a Serjeant.

Lint. No, no: Blows are not so soon forgotten.

Chic. Pray, Sir, let's hear no more on't.

Lint. I must beg you to excuse me. Contumacy, a Blow, a Kick, a Stick shook at me. Ah!

Chic. I'd rather you'd give them me back again, than take the Law of me.

Lint. No, no: I would not part with 'em for five hundred Pounds.

Enter Leander dress'd like a Commissary.

Lint. Here comes the Commissary just in the Nick. Sir, we wanted you. Such as you see me, this Gentleman has made me a little Present of a very great Box o' the Ear.

Lean. Given you a Box of the Ear, Sir!

Lint. Yes, Sir, me my self in Person. Item, A Kick, together with some undecent Names.

Lean. Have you Witnesses?

Lint. Pray, Sir, feel; the Blow still tingles upon my Check.

Lean. Taken in the Fact. 'Tis a criminal Affair.

Chic. Wou'd my Hand had been off!

Lint. Furthermore; his Daughter, at least she that is believ'd to be so, tore to bits an Action of mine, protesting that she did not fear us, and defy'd us.

Lean. Call her hither. The Spirit of Rebellion reigns in this Family.

Chic. I am certainly bewitch'd: But may I be hang'd if I know either of them.

Lean. What! beat a Serjeant! But here comes the Rebel.

Enter Isabella.

Lint. aside to her.] You know who he is.

Lean. So, Madam! 'Twas you then, was it, that brav'd our Officer, and gave us such a loud Defiance? Your Name?

Isab. Isabella.

Lean. to Lint.] Write——Your Age?

Isab. Eighteen.

Chic. Something more. But that's no matter.

Lean. Are you in the Power of a Husband?

Isab. No, Sir.

Lean. You laugh, do you? Write down that she laugh'd.

Chic. Pray, Sir, don't talk to Girls about Husbands: They are Family Secrets, d'ye see.

Lean. Write down that he interrupts.

Chic. I did not mean it as an Interruption. Have a care what you say, Daughter.

Lean. Don't you trouble your self; we shall do nothing to displease you. *[To Isab.]* Did not you receive a certain Paper just now of that Serjeant?

Isab. Yes, Sir.

Chic. Right.

Lean. Did you tear it without reading it?

Isab.

Ifab. No, Sir, I read it. *Chic.* Good.

Lean. Write on--- And why did you tear it?

Ifab. I was afraid my Father would ha' laid the thing too much to Heart, and ha' been in too great a Passion at the reading of it.

Chic. What, then, were you afraid of a Law-Suit? Fie for Shame!

Lean. You did not tear it then out of any Contempt of those who sent it you?

Ifab. No, I have no Contempt of them.

Lean. Write.

Chic. I told you that she's like her Father. She answers very properly.

Lean. Yet you testify'd an evident Contempt of all Men of the long Robe, a little while ago.

Ifab. I own, a Gown did once disgust me; but now that Aversion wears off.

Chic. There's a brave Girl! Od I'll get thee a good Husband as soon as I can; provided he won't ask a Portion.

Lean. You will satisfy Justice then?

Ifab. Sir, I'll do any thing to please you.

Lint. Make them Sign it, Sir.

Lean. Will you stand to your Depositions.

Ifab. You may assure your self, Sir, of *Ifabella's* Constancy.

Lean. Sign. That's well. Justice is satisfy'd. Won't you sign too, Sir?

Chic. Ay with all my Heart. I blindly subscribe to whatever she says.

Lean. to Ifabella.] The Plot takes: He signs a Contract, drawn in a good Form; he shall be condemn'd by his own Hand-writing.

Chic. What's that he says to her? He's charm'd with her Wit.

Lean. Farewel. Continue to be as wise as you are handsome, and all will go well with you. Serjeant, carry her into her House. Do you, Sir, come along.

[*Ex. Lint. with Ifabella.*]

Chic. Whither, Sir?

Lean. Follow me.

Chic. But whither?

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Lean. You shall know that all in good time. But now, in the King's Name follow me.

Chic. Follow you!

Enter John.

John. Did any Body see my Master there: Which way could he get out; at the Door, or at the Window!

Lean. How should we know?

John. I can't tell what's become of the Son; and as for the Father he is where the Devil has carried him. He sent me about a Fool's Errand, and in the mean time made his Escape.

Enter Lintimy, Dandin appears in the Gutter of the House.

Dan. Silence there.

Lean. Good Lord!

John. Faith, there he is o' top of the House.

Dan. Who are you? What's your Business? Who are those Men in Gowns? Are you Counsellors? Speak.

John. You shall see he'll go and sit in Judgment upon the Cats now.

Dan. Have you taken Care to speak to my Clerk? Go ask him if I know of your Business.

Lean. I must go get him down from thence. [*To Lintimy.*] Serjeant, look well to the Prisoner.

John. to Lean.] Sir, Sir!

Lean. Mum and follow me. [*Exit with John.*]

Dan. Make haste. Deliver your Petition.

Chic. Sir, I am made a Prisoner here without your Knowledge.

Enter Countess.

Count. Hey day, there's the Judge in the Garret. What is he doing there?

Lint. He is giving Audience, Madam; you may go to him if you will.

Chic. There's Violence done to me, Sir, I am injur'd, and I come to make my Complaint to you.

Count. Sir, I come to make my Complaint too.

Chic. Count. You have my Adversary before you.

Lint. Od, 'll join with them.

Chic. Count. Lint. Sir, I come hither about a little Affair.

Chic. Pray Gentlemen let's speak one after another, and set forth our Right.

Count. His Right? All he says are nothing but Falsities.

Dan. Why? What is the Matter?

Chic. Lint. Count. I have had ill Language giv'n me.

Lint. continuing.] I have had a Box o' the Ear more than they have.

Chic. Sir, I'm the Cousin of one of your Nephews.

Lint. Sir, I'm the Bastard of your Apothecary.

Count. Sir, Father Cordon will tell you my Business.

Dan. Your Qualities?

Count. } I am a Countess.

Lint. } together. } A Serjeant.

Chic. } A Citizen---Why Gentlemen.

Dan. Go on; I hear you all.

Chic. Sir? [*Here the Judge is taken away off the House.*]

Lint. D'ye see? He has bilk'd his Company.

Count. Alas!

Chic. What! is the Hearing at an End already: Why I had scarce time to speak two Words to him.

Enter Leander without a Gown.

Lean. Gentlemen, will you be so kind as to leave us?

Chic. May not I go in, Sir?

Lean. No, Sir.

Chic. Pray let me: I shall ha' done in an Hour; in two Hours at furthest.

Lean. No, Sir, there's no getting in.

Count. You do well to shut the Door against that Brawler there: But Me——

Lean. Madam, take my Word for't, no Body gets in to Day.

Count. But I will go in, Sir.

Lean. That's as it happens.

Count. I say I will, Sir.

Lean. It shall be at the Window, then.

Count. No, at the Door.

Lean. We must try that.

Count. I will, tho' I stay here all Day!

Enter John.

John. to Lean.] I am sure they can't hear him now, for I have put him down into the Kitchen just by the Cellar.

Lean. Once more I tell you, my Father is not to be seen.

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Chic. Well, well, I must talk with him about this Affair. [*Dandin appears at the Vent-hole of the Cellar.*] But what do I see? Oh, 'tis he himself that Heaven hath sent us.

Lean. What, has Heaven sent him by way of the Vent-hole of the Cellar!

John. I think the Devil's in him, for my part.

Chic. Sir——

Dand. Impertinence! I had got out had it not been for him.

Chic. Sir——

Dand. Be gone; you're a Numpskull.

Chic. Sir, spare me——

Dand. Out of my Sight I say.

Chic. Sir, I've order'd my Servants——

Dand. Be silent.

Chic. To bring you——

Dand. Carry him to Prison.

Chic. A Hamper of Wine.

Dand. What have I to do with it?

Chic. 'Tis very good Muscadine.

Dand. Repeat your Business.

Lean. to Lint.] We must surround them on all Sides.

Count. Sir, he tells you nothing but Untruths.

Chic. Sir——

Dand. Let us hear what she has to say.

Count. Hear me, Sir.

Dand. Won't you let me breath.

Chic. Sir——

Dand. You choke me.

Count. Cast an Eye of pity upon me.

Dand. She choaks me—— Ah! ah!

[*Here they both press very much upon him.*]

Chic. to Dand.] Have a care; you'll pull me down in to the Cellar. I'm gone, I'm gone. [*They both fall in.*]

John. As I hope to live they're both fal'n in.

Lean. Quick, run to their Assistance——Since Monsieur *Chicameau* is got in, I'll take Care he shan't come out again to Day. *Lintimy*, do you take Care he don't.

Lint. Do you watch at the Vent-hole then.

Lean. I will. Make haste.

[*Exit Lint.*]

Count. Wretch that I am! He'll go and prepossess him in his Favour----[*Speaking down in the Vent-hole.*----] Don't believe

believe any thing he says, Sir. He has no Witnesses. He is a Liar.

Lean. What are you doing there Madam? Perhaps they are both ready to die with the Fall.

Count. Sir, he'll make him believe what he pleases now he's alone with him. Pray let me go in.

Lean. It cannot be done.

Count. I see the Wine operates as well upon the Son as upon the Father. But I'll be patient, and go protest against the Judge and the Hamper of Wine too. [*Exit.*

Enter Dandin running; Lintimy after him.

Lint. Whither run you, Sir? You may endanger your Life; you halt every Step you take.

Dand. I'll go and hear Causes.

Lean. Hear Causes! No, Father; suffer your self to be cur'd first: Quick, a Surgeon.

Dand. Let him come to me to Court. [*Is going.*

Lean. Hold, Father —

Dand. Ho, ho, I find what you drive at: You would do what you please with me. Have you no Respect nor Complaisance left for me? It's come to that pass now, that you won't let me pronounce one single Sentence. Come, take that Bag; take it, I say, quickly.

Lean. Pray Father be pleas'd; can we find no Accommodation? If Life is troublesome to you without hearing Causes; if you are so desirous of doing Justice, you may do That at Home: Exercise your Talent, and be Judge amongst us.

Dand. Don't make a Jest of the Magistracy. D'ye see, I won't be Judge only in Effigy.

Lean. On the contrary, you shall be a Judge without Appeal; a Judge of Civil as well as Criminal Matters: You may have two Hearings every Day, and every thing that's done in the House shall be Subject for Law Suits. Does a Servant fail to bring a clean Glass? Fine him; or if he break it, condemn him to the Whipping Post.

Dand. There's something indeed in this I love People when they talk Reason. But who shall pay me my Fees? No Body?

Lean. Yes; their Wages may serve you for a Security of that.

Dand. Methinks he talks very pertinently.

Lean. One of your Neighbours —

Enter John running.

John. Stop him, stop him, stop him.

Lean. I'm afraid my Prisoner is making his Escape.

Lint. No, no, fear nothing.

John. All is lost — *Citron* — your Dog — has eat a Capon there; nothing is safe for him. He steals whatever lies in his way.

Lean. Here's a Cause for my Father. Pursue him. Run all of you.

Dand. No Noise; a *Habeas Corpus* without Scandal will do.

Lean. Come, Father, make an Example of this Domestic Thief.

Dand. However, it shall be done in order; there must be a Counsellor on both Sides, and we have ne'er a one here.

Lean. Why there's your Porter and Clerk; you may make rare Counsellors of them, they're very ignorant.

Lint. No, Sir, I shall fall asleep.

John. I know nothing of the Matter, so expect nothing from me.

Lean. 'Tis your first Cause, and perhaps will always be so.

John. But I can't read.

Dand. Ho, ho, you shall be prompted.

Lean. Well, let's go prepare our selves. Come, Gentlemen, let's have no intriguing, shut your Eyes to Presents, and your Ears to canvassing. Mr. *John* shall be the Plaintiff, and *Lintimy* the Defendant.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Chicanneau, Leander, the Prompter.

Chic. YES, Sir; 'twas in this manner that they managed the Affair, I know neither the Serjeant nor the Commissary. I don't tell you a Word of a Lie.

Lean. I believe you; but if you'd take my Advice you'd let it drop. If you trounce them never so much, you'll give your self more disturbance than you will them. You have

have already thrown away the greatest part of your Estate in filling of Bags with useless Papers; and now in a Prosecution, which makes against your self, you——

Chic. Truly, you give me very good Advice, and in a little time I don't know but I may follow it; but, however, for once be so kind as to speak a good Word for me. Since Monsieur *Dandin* is going to give Audience, I'll fetch my Daughter as soon as I can, that he may question her; I'll answer for her telling the Truth, and for ought that I know she may answer better than I my self cou'd.

Lean. Well, go fetch her; you shall have Justice done you. [Exit *Chic*,

Prom. What a Man is that!

Lean. I make use of a strange Artifice; but my Father is such an unaccountable Man, that the only way to recover him to his Senses is to amuse him with a Cause in the Air. Besides, I have a Design in it, for I'll have him condemn this litigious Fool I just now parted with. But here come our People.

Enter Dandin, Lintimy, and John.

Dand. having seated himself:] So—— What are you?

Lean. They are the Counsellors.

Dand. And you?

Prom. I come to assist their crazy Memories.

Dand. I understand you—— And you?

Lean. I? I am the Assembly.

Dand. Begin then.

Prom. Gentlemen——

John. Speak lower. If you prompt me so loud I shan't be heard——Gentlemen——

Dand. Be cover'd.

John. Oh Sir!——Gentle——

Dand. Be cover'd, I say.

John. I know my Duty better than that comes to.

Dand. If you won't be cover'd you may let it alone.

John. puts on his Hat.] Gentlemen——[To the Prompter.] Sottly, I can say my beginning better than any of the rest——Gentlemen, when I view with Exactness the Inconstancy and Vicissitude of human Affairs; when amongst such infinite Numbers of Men, I see not one fix'd Star and so

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many wandering ones; when I see the *Casars*, when I see their Fortune, when I see the Sun, when I see the Moon, when I see the Territories of the (a) *Babibonians*, transferr'd from the (b) *Serpens*, to the (c) *Nacidonians*, when I see the (d) *Lorrans* from the (e) Depotic State pass to the (f) Decratic, and then to the Monarchic; when I see *Japan*——

Lint. When will he have done seeing?

John. What does that Fellow mean by interrupting me? I'll say no more now.

Dand. Thou impertinent Counsellor thou, why did not you let him finish his Period? I was a wondring to my self how he could handsomely come from *Japan* to the *Capan*, and here you have put him out with your frivolous Interruptions——Go on.

John. No; I have done now.

Lean. Proceed *John*, you have made a very good Beginning. But what do your Hands do in your Pocket? You stand Stock-still like a Statue. Come, stir your self like a Man. Try what you can do.

John. *throwing about his Arms*] When I see——when I see——

Lean. But tell us what you see.

John. Why no Body can course two Hares at once.

Prom. We read——

John. We read——

Prom. In the——

John. In the——

Prom. Metamorphosis——

John. What?

Prom. That the Metem——

John. That the Metem——

Prom. Psychosis——

John. Psychosis——

Prom. Hang thee, As!

John. And the As——

Prom. Again!

John. Again——

Prom.

Prom. The Dog!

John. The Dog —

Prom. The Buzzard!

John. The Buzzard —

Prom. The Devil take thee!

John. The Devil take you, if you come to that! you and your lenten Face!

Dand. To the Point, to the Point.

John. What need is there of going about the Bush thus? He makes me speak Words a Mile long; ---- Words that wou'd reach from *Beer* to *Beersheba*. I don't know why we shou'd make all this Rous to say tha a Dog eats a Capon. All the Matter is, that nothing can be safe from your Dog, that he just now eat a good *Maine-Capon*: And that the first time I can lay Hands on him, I'll finish his Trial, and knock out his Brains.

Lean. A fine Conclusion, and worthy the *Exordium*!

John. He that will bite, must expect to be bitten.

Dand. Call in the Witnesses.

Lean. That is, if he can. Witnesses are very dear, and are not so easie to be got.

John. Yes, we have them, and such too as are without Reproach.

Dand. Call them in, then.

John. I have them in my Pocket. Here, there's the Head and Feet of the Capon; look upon them and judge.

Lint. I refuse them.

Dand. Good! and why refuse them?

Lint. Sir, they came from *Maine*.

Dand. 'Tis true, false Witnesses come from *Maine* by yhole Dozens.

Lint. Gentlemen —

Dand. Shall you be tedious, you Counsellor, tell me?

Lint. I'll answer for nothing.

Dand. He's an honest Man, I see, and don't care to tell a Lie.

Lint. *in a screaming Tone.*] Gentlemen, all that may terrifie a Criminal, all that is redoubtable to us Mortals, seem by Chance to be assembled against us, I mean Interest and Eloquence. For on one Side the Credit of the deceased

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deceas'd alarms me, and on t'other, the shining Eloquence of my Adversary stupifies my dazzled Senses.

Dand. Counsellor, don't speak in so noisie a Tone.

Lint. Well, I'll use another then, for I have choice of Keys. [*in an effeminate Voice.*] But whatever Diffidence the said Eloquence and the said Credit might give us; yet, Gentlemen, we rest upon the Anchor of your Goodness. Innocence is bold before the mighty *Dandin*, before that *Cato* of *Normandy*, that Sun of Equity which was never yet clouded.

Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

Dand. Truly, the Man pleads well.

Lint. Therefore without any Fear I resume the Discourse and proceed to my Cause; *Aristotle primo peri Politicon*—says very properly—

Dand. Counsellor, the Question is concerning a Capon, and not concerning *Aristotle*, or his Politicks either.

Lint. Aye, but the Authority of the Peripateticks wou'd prove that Good or Evil—

Dand. I say *Aristotle* has no Authority here, so come to the Point.

Lint. *Pausanias*, in his *Corinthiacks*—

Dand. To the Point.

Lint. *Rebuffus*—

Dand. To the Point, I say.

Lint. The great *James*—

Dand. To the Point, to the Point, to the Point—

Lint. *Armano Pul*, in his Prompt—

Dand. Well, then, I'll give Sentence; if you won't come to the Point.

Lint. very fast.] You are so hasty. The Case is this—A Dog comes into a Kitchin, he there finds a good tempting Capon. Now he for whom I speak is a hungry, he against whom I speak is ready pick'd; he for whom I speak takes him against whom I speak. A Warrant is given. He is taken. Counsellors are appointed. The Day pitch'd upon—I was to speak, I speak, I have spoken.

Dand. Ta ta ta ta ta, I'm finely inform'd of the Affair, truly! He is very slow in telling us that which we have no Business to hear, and when he comes to the Point, he speaks so fast that there's no understanding him.

Lint. Ay, Sir, but the first is the beautiful part.

Dand. 'Tis the ugly part, I think. Did ever any Body plead in this manner before? But what says the Assembly to it?

Lean. 'Tis very much *à la-mode*.

Lint. in a very vehement Tone.] What happens after this, Gentlemen? They come. How do they come? They pursue my Client. They force a House. What House! The House of the Judge himself. They break the Salt-box that serves us for a Refuge. Theft, Burglary, we are declared Authors. We are seiz'd. We are deliver'd to our Accusers, to Mr. *John*, Gentlemen, I call you to Witness. Who is there that is ignorant that the Law *Si quis Canis digest de vi Paragrapho*, Gentlemen, *Caponibus*, is manifestly against this Abuse; and tho' it were true that *Citron*, my Client, had eaten, Gentlemen, all or part of the said Capon; yet, put into the Scale the Service we have done before this Action: When was my Client ever beaten? By whom has your House been so long guarded? When did we ever fail to bark at a Thief? Witness the three Attorneys, whose Gowns *Citron* tore but t'other Day. You shall see the very Bits. What need is there of any further Proofs for our Justification?

John. Master *Adam*——

Lint. Let us proceed——

John. *Lintimy*——

Lint. Let us proceed.

John. —— You'll choak your self,

Lint. Let us proceed, I say. Eugh, Eugh, Eugh.

Dand. Compose your self, and conclude.

Lint. very gravely.] Since, then, that, we, are, suffer'd, to, take, Breath, and, that, we, are, forbidden, to, be, tedious; I, shall, without, omitting, any, thing, or, without, the, least, Prevarication, compendiously, relate, explain, and, set, to, light, the, universal, Idea, of, my, Cause, and, of, the, Facts; therein, contained.

Dand. He'd ha' sooner done telling it all twenty times over than abridging it once. Thou Counsellor, whatever thou art Man or Devil, conclude, or may a Plague light on thee.

Lint. Well, then, I will make an end,

Dand,

Dand. Heigh ho.

[Gaping]

Lint. Before the Creation of the World —

Dand. Prithee let's skip over to the Deluge.

Lint. I say before the Creation of the World, the World, the Universe, every thing, in a word; all Nature was immerfed in Matter. The Elements, Air, Earth and Water, were mix'd together, and made but one Heap, a Confusion, a Mafs without any Form, a Disorder, a Chaos,

Unus erat toto Natura vultus in orbe,

Quem dicere chaos, rudis indigestaque moles —

[Dandin falls off his Chair asleep.]

Lean. Look to my Father, there; he falls.

John. How fast he is asleep!

Lean. Father! Father!

John. Are you dead, Sir?

Lean. Father, awake.

Dand. Well! Well! What! What's to be done? What would you have? I never had a better Nap in my Life.

Lean. Father you must give Sentence.

Dand. Send him to the Gallies.

Lean. A Dog to the Gallies!

Dand. I have quite forgot what we were doing. My Head was full of the Chaos and the World. Come, go on.

Lint. *presenting him with little Puppies.* Come hither, desolate Family; come hither, poor Children, whom they wou'd render Orphans; come and exprefs your Grief by your Infant Sighs. Behold our Misery, Gentlemen, we are Orphans; restore us our Father, our Father who begot us, our Father who —

Dand. Away with 'em, take 'em away.

Lint. Our Father, Gentlemen, —

Dand. Take 'em away, I say, they have piss'd all about the Room.

Lint. Behold our Tears.

Dand. I find my self already touch'd with Compassion. See what it is to have the Art of moving. I am doubtful what Course to take; the Truth presses me; the Crime is confess'd; but if he's condemn'd, there's a great many poor Children reduced to Beggary. But who comes here; I'll see no Body, I am busie.

Enter Chicanneau and Isabella.

Chic. Sir——

Dand. The Hearing was held only for your sake. Farewel. But what young Woman is that?

Chic. She's my Daughter, Sir.

Dand. Call her back again.

Isab. You are busie you say.

Dand. No not at all. Why did not you tell me that you were her Father.

Chic. Sir——

Dand. She knows your Affair better than you: tell it me. How handsome she is! what fine Eyes she has! but that is not sufficient Child, you must have Wisdom too. I am mightily pleas'd with the Sight of this Girl. I was of your Age once, and have been talk'd of!

Isab. I believe you, Sir.

Dand. Tell me; have you a mind to have any Body lose their Cause?

Isab. No, Sir.

Dand. I'd do any thing for you. Speak.

Isab. I am much oblig'd to you.

Dand. Did you ever see any Body put to the Rack?

Isab. No, Sir, and, I believe, never shall.

Dand. Come along with me, and I'll shew you that Sight.

Isab. How can any one endure to see another suffer?

Dand. It serves to pass away an Hour or two.

Chic. Sir, I come to tell you——

Lean. I'll in two Words acquaint you with the whole Affair. 'Tis concerning a Marriage, and you must first be inform'd, that it wholly depends upon you, and that every body else is agreed. The Daughter is willing; the Lover is impatient, and the Father is very desirous to have it concluded. Do you judge.

Dand. [sitting down again] Let them marry as soon as possible.

Lean. Come, then, Madam, there's your Father-in-law; salute him.

Chic. How!

Dand. What's this Mystery.

Lean. Your Sentence is obey'd.

Dand.

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Dand. Well, since I have given it, I won't go back from it.

Chic. But no Body gives away his Daughter without her Consent.

Lean. Certainly, and I'll yield to whatever the charming *Ifabella* says.

Chic. Are you dumb? Why don't you speak? Will you agree to the Sentence?

Ifab. I dare not appeal from it, Father.

Chic. But I shall appeal from it, Daughter.

Lean. D'ye see this Writing? Will you deny your Hand?

Chic. And what of that?

Dand. 'Tis a Contract drawn in good Form.

Chic. I see I have been surpriz'd, but I'll have Justice. This shall be the Source of above twenty Law-Suits. As for the Girl, you may keep her; but for Mony, you shall have none of mine.

Lean. Why, Sir, who desires any? Leave us in quiet Possession of your Daughter, and we ask for nothing more.

Chic. Oh, then the Case is alter'd.

Lean. Father, are you satisfy'd with the Hearing.

Dand. Yes, and let Suits come on apace, and I will gladly spend the rest of my Days among you. But then the Counsellors must be less tedious—What shall we do with the Prisoner?

Lean. Let us now think of nothing but Pleasure. Thanks, Thanks, Father.

Dand. Well, let him be dismiss'd then; 'tis for your sake that I do it, Daughter-in-law. Come, let us go divert our selves that we may be prepar'd for more Law-Suits.

F I N I S.

